

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 16, NO. 43

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, MAY 18, 1899.

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A GENEROUS IMPULSE.

Moments there are in life—alas how few!—When casting cold prudent doubts aside, We take a generous impulse for our guide: And, following promptly what the heart thinks best, Commit to Providence the rest; Sure that so after reckoning will arise Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise. And happy they who thus in faith obey Their better nature: err sometimes they may, And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast, Such as by hope deceived are left behind; But like a shadow these will pass away From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind.—Southey.

County Sketches.

THE OAK TREE.



Tomlinson had been entering enough to put a black man on a horse and send him to the next county for a jug of spirits. Tomlinson had been a lawyer of great promise, but the wear and tear of the profession, or a hereditary taste, or fate, had caused him to use whiskey until he fell a victim of the habit. The gleams of genius he showed led people to pronounce eulogies on the wreck, and declare that there would never have been such a lawyer if he had let liquor alone, but it did not seem to give them any real concern. It is probable that, steeped in whiskey as he was, he had a greater reputation as a genius than if by a careful life he had been successful and caused his fellow men to envy him.

A man had come by and Tomlinson wrote a deed for him, and thereby secured the sum of five dollars. This when applied to his board bill would not have gone far, but invested in a jug of liquor would satisfy a thirst that was becoming unbearable. So one night in June saw the dipsomaniac in his office absorbing the liquor. He sat there drinking, with pleasant thoughts presenting themselves to his brain, mumbling snatches of old songs, and living over again his youthful triumphs. Near morning his musings had a darker cast. He thought of his brother practitioner Warner, a man of sluggish blood, who had made his fortune in the practice, and who now and then gave him a pittance for help in some matter too deep for him. He thought of the many times Warner had appropriated as his own brilliant idea, some ingenious twist or turn, which had given him his reputation as a practitioner. He had used him as a step-ladder, and now Warner must die. That was determined upon, and his fate fixed that hour between two drinks of corn whiskey. His time had come. Let him beware.

Warner lived at the farther end of the village in his fine house. Tomlinson armed himself with an iron bar and staggered from his office. He would go to Warner's house and tell him to come out and be killed. If he did not come he would be forever branded as a coward, and if he did he would be no more. In either event Tomlinson would have his revenge.

It was a long way to Warner's house and Tomlinson grew tired as he walked so laboriously. His feet seemed to weigh tons, and when his journey was but partly accomplished he decided to rest for a few minutes under two immense oaks which grew along the side of the road. Sinking down by the roadside he stretched out on the grass and felt very comfortable. He saw the first signs of dawn. Close by him a rooster filled him with vague terror as it flapped its wings, but he was reassured by the familiar crow which burst forth a moment later. A slight breeze rustled the leaves of the oak-tree and he heard

another voice:

"Thank goodness there is wind enough to let an oak speak again. I thought the calm was going to last forever. Wake up, brother, and see if you can make out what that man is doing down there."

"It's Tomlinson," the other murmured, "the drunken, bloated scoundrel. This is not the first time he has lain out all night beneath us. It's a pity he's not dead."

"That's all we have to see now except the white men busy all the time passing by without giving us a thought. I'll be burned if times have not changed. If it were not that we were the oldest standing corner-trees in the Greenbrier valley, I'd as leave be cut down and split into rails. Times are getting worse all the time."

"Remember when we saw the first white man who ever came into this valley? He laid down right under us here and waited until a deer came by and shot it, and we thought he was just an Indian bleached out. And then it was not long until a party of white men came; they were dragging a chain, and when they came to the point of the hill here they said, 'We'll make a corner on those two oak trees here,' and that was all that saved us."

"All the big trees were cut down and burned from around us. Not a tree of any standing was left. All those Walnuts were burned. They were a little uppish sometimes, but there were genuine trees. It did my heart good to that man say the other day that if they had been left until now they would have been worth a fortune to the man who owned them. We're dying at the top, old man, and nothing left but to tough it out in each other's society. Not a tree left near us to talk to. We can see them waving their arms across the fields, but they are not enjoying life."

"How can they when they may be cut down any day? Before the white man came every tree lived to his appointed time, and then went down in some great storm that made dying glorious. But the white man's axes have taken all the best of our kind, and he puts fires out each spring and that's slow death and torture to millions of trees. But they will learn from droughts and pestilences that they have cleared us off to their own destruction. The way they are going it there will not be a hardwood tree to tell the tale in a few more centuries."

"Look at it since we were grown, there was not a tree in the forest but dreamed of holding his place until old age cut him off. Now there are great gaps everywhere. Then there was a chain of trees from the sea to the Father of Waters, and we were in touch with the whole world. Not a tree fell from ripe old age but what the forest knew it. The red men spared us. Their fires were made from the dead boughs; they made little fires and set close to them. The wasteful white man burned whole trees begrudging the room they took, and deadened others because they cast a shade. We've seen all the trees of our time fall. There are great gaps in the forest. They say the old time trees are all going and wherever the fire-horse comes the hills are very soon made barren. But the men are no happier for it. They never give themselves a day's rest but what forty devils are whispering in their ear; 'You ought to be at work! You ought to be at work! You ought to be at work!' They say some men leave their clearings and come out to the woods where a remnant of the virgin forest is to be found, even as the red men loved it, but the devils are whispering and whispering, and it dulls their pleasure and they go back home and toil and sweat and die miserably. Little good they get for letting the sun in on the ground."

"Why what they dream of most is to be back to the woods again, and they are not happy. They live restless toilsome lives each thinking someone else is happy, or believing that if they secure the

thing they are aiming for they will be happy. But it never happens.

"The red man was not hampered as is the white man. His day's work was what it pleased him to do; his day's journey the place night came on. Every place was home and he adapted himself to nature, and did not wear himself away trying to subdue and adapt nature to his fancies."

"We have seen both races' beneath our boughs, and the first is the child of nature."

"The Indian brave stole a wife from a tribe at warfare with his own. The whole forest rustled with the news and it went from bough to bough. On they came and we could mark every step until they rested where only such products as we see below, in these days, condescend to sleep. Then the word came that they were pursued, and we marked how they followed on the trail to surprise them. When but a little way from the place where the lovers were, and when the whole forest stood quivering with excitement, an old oak dropped a dead bough. It had been retained through many a gale to fall on a calm summer evening. The pair were aroused and fled in time."

"A band of Indians glided by silently. They were on the war-trail. On they went and struck a blow at the encroachers on the forest. A few days more and they reappeared with white men and women as their prisoners. Just here the white men overtook them and fired upon them. They released their prisoners and fled. That has been our history. We have seen such sights and now we see men bent and dulled with work, and who have lost the art of living upon the fruits of the forest."

Just here a laboring man going out at grey dawn to bring in his cow to the milking came upon Tomlinson gazing up into the air above him. He was not surprised as Tomlinson had the name of lying out of nights. He felt disposed to play the good Samaritan and going up to him shook him. The time had been when Tomlinson did not sleep out and when men did not take liberties with him. "Wake up! Man alive! You'll skeer some body's hoss!"

Tomlinson was annoyed but he roused up and went unsteadily on his way. "Curious," he muttered, "strange 'bout corner trees talking—must go and tell Warner—powerful good feller—times."

Warner was aroused by loud knocks upon his front door and grinned sleepily as he appeared and saw Tomlinson in that plight. "Warner—know those corner trees to the Popham Survey—passing by there just now and quite a talk—thought I come round and mention while fresh in my mind—let's get a piece of paper and take it all down—"

Warner reached out and took him by the coat and shook him. "See that barn over there, Tomlinson?" "Oh, yes." "Go over and lay down in it!" "A right." Warner always had great effect on Tomlinson, and he went quietly to wake later in the day to feel the full effect of means corn whiskey. Warner went in and told his wife it was nobody but old Tomlinson who had been seeing things again.

When the ordinary person takes a trip across the ocean he has for an object either business or pleasure. But John Hagan of Liverpool who arrived in this city last week, had a trip in which his interest was neither business nor pleasure. Hagan, who is a well-to-do painter in England, started out a couple of weeks ago to have what he was pleased yesterday to call "a bit of a spree." In the course of his wanderings, and while deeply in his cups, he went aboard the British steamer Manhattan, about to clear for Philadelphia. He looked up a quiet nook and went to sleep. When he awoke the Manhattan was well started on her way across the ocean, and poor Hagan was forced to go, whether or not. He was afraid the captain would put him ashore here, but Immigration Commissioners found that he wanted to return home; they compelled the captain to take him back when the Manhattan cleared yesterday.—Philadelphia Record.

ANOTHER CASE OF MAUD.

Maud Muller went on a summer day To try the old racket of raking hay.

She'd heard how it snared the Judge, and thought, There might be another to be caught.

And off she glanced down the lane's long course To see if he came on his plebeian horse. But the judge came not, nor a sleek court clerk, Nor a constable to get in his work.

Not even a chronic juror came To ask her to share his oft-called name.

Yet she raked away with a tireless will For Maud was a stayer from Stayerville.

Great blisters rose on her hands so fair, And hayseeds lodged in her wind-tossed hair.

But nary a judge came riding by, And her swollen bosom was filled with sigh.

One spark of hope in said bosom burned, That maybe the court hadn't yet adjourned.

Or he might have halted to bear his face With a lawyer who'd got away with a case.

And yet she raked with untiring zeal; The damp sweat trickling from head to heel.

The spur grass pricked her zebra hose 'Neath the Southern bounds of her Sunday clothes.

The breezes blew on her blooming cheeks And scattered the sweat into criss-cross streaks.

The sun sank lower adown the west, And the hope-star dilted in Maudie's breast.

One last glance she fired along the lane Then sank on the stubble with a moan of pain!

But she rose again with impromptu spring, For the stubble was sharp as a hornet's sting!

Then cried, as to splinters she tramped the rake, "This hay-field racket's a bloomin' fake!"

"The feller that writ that poetry ought To be taken out and fatally shot!"

"Don't think no gal ever made a play To rake up a feller this-a-way!"

And she said as she flung to her home again, Her accents keyed to a note of pain:

"Of all darned suckers that ever bit, I've a sneakin' idee that I am it!"

—Denver Post.

A Terrific Battle with a Sperm Whale.

We sped along at a good rate toward our prospective victim, who was in his leisurely enjoyment of life calmly lolling on the surface, occasionally lifting his enormous tail out of the water and letting it fall flat upon the surface with a boom audible for miles. We were as usual first boat; but much to the mate's annoyance, when we were a short half mile from the whale our mainsheet parted. It became immediately necessary to roll the sail up, lest its flapping should alarm the watchful monster, and thus delayed us sufficiently to allow the other boats to shoot ahead of us. Thus the second mate got fast some seconds before we arrived on the scene, seeing which we unfurled sail, unshipped the mast, and went in on him with the oars only. At first the proceedings were quite of the usual character, our chief wielding his lance in most beautiful fashion, while not being fast to the animal allowed us much greater freedom in our evolutions; but that fatal habit of the mate's—of allowing his boat to take care of herself as long as he was getting in some good home thrusts—once more asserted itself. Altho the whale was exceedingly vigorous, churning the sea into yeasty foam over an enormous area, there we wallowed close to him, right in the middle of the turmoil, actually courting disaster. He had just settled down for a moment when, glancing over the gunwale, I saw his tail, like a vast shadow, sweeping away from us toward the second mate, who was lying off the other side of him. Before I had time to think the mighty mass of gristle leaped into the sunshine, curved back from us like a huge bow. Then with a roar it came at us, relieved from its tension of heaven knows how many tons. Full on the broadside it struck us, sending every soul but me flying out of the wreckage as if fired from a catapult. I did not go because my foot was jammed somehow in the well of the boat, but

the wrench nearly pulled my thigh bone out of the socket. I had hardly released my foot when, lowering above me, came the colossal head of the great creature, as he plowed through the bundle of debris that had just been a boat.

There was an appalling roar of water in my ears and darkness that might be felt all around, yet in the midst of it all, one thought predominated as clearly as if I had been turning it over in my mind in the quiet of my bunk aboard—"What if he should swallow me?" But the agony of holding my breath soon overpowered every other feeling and thought, till, just as something was going to snap inside my head, I rose to the surface. I was surrounded by a welter of bloody froth which made it impossible for me to see; but oh! the air was sweet. I struck out blindly, instinctively, altho I could feel so strong an eddy that voluntary progress was out of the question. My hand touched and clung to a rope, which immediately towed me in some direction—I neither knew nor cared whither. Soon the motion ceased, and, with a seaman's instinct, I began to haul myself along by the rope I grasped, altho no definite idea was in my mind as to where it was attached. Presently I came up against something solid, the feel of which gathered all my scattered wits into a compact knob of dread. It was the whale! "Any port in a storm!" I murmured beginning to haul away again on a friendly line. By dint of hard work, I pulled myself up the sloping, slippery bank of blubber, until I reached the iron, which, as luck would have it, was planted in that side of the carcass now uppermost. Carcass, I said—well, certainly I had no idea of there being any life remaining within the vast mass beneath me; yet I had hardly time to take a couple of turns round myself with the rope (or whale line, as I had proved it to be) when I felt the great animal quiver all over and begin to forge ahead. I was now composed enough to remember that help could not be far away, and my rescue, provided I could keep above water, was but a question of a few minutes. But I was hardly prepared for the whale's next move. Being very near his end, the boat or boats had drawn off a bit, I suppose, for I could see nothing of them. Then I remembered the flurry almost the same moment it began; and there was I, who with fearful admiration had so often watched the titanic convulsions of a dying cachalot, actually involved in them. The turns were off my body, but I was able to twist a couple of turns around my arms which in the case of his sounding I could readily let go. Then all was lost in roar and rush, as if in the heart of some cataract, during which I was sometimes above, sometimes beneath the water, but always clinging with every ounce of energy left to the line. Now, one thought was uppermost—"What if he should breach?" I had seen them do so when in a flurry leaping full twenty feet in the air. Then I prayed. Quickly as all the preceding changes had passed came perfect peace. There I lay, still alive, but so weak that altho I could feel the turns slipping off my arms and knew that I should slide off the slope of the whale's side into the sea if they did, I could make no effort to secure myself. Every thing then passed away from me as if I had gone to sleep.—From "The Cruise of the Cachalot," by F. T. Bullen.

In the current North American Review Signor Marconi makes reference to his early experiments with wireless telegraphy: "They were conducted in 1895 on my father's estate in Bologna, Italy, and I was much surprised at the facility with which I found it possible to transmit messages without a wire for many miles. On coming to England on private business in 1896, I was advised by my friends and relatives to give a demonstration of the capabilities of my invention to the British authorities, who gave me facilities to test the system. And we were soon doing nine miles across the Bristol Channel."

Luckily Thomas Jefferson has gone where they dine no more.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

An island is a piece of territory entirely surrounded by troubles.—Detroit Free Press.

Pittsburg Presbytery Split on Lynching.

Pittsburg Presbytery is not a unit on lynching. At its meeting at Swissville yesterday a resolution was introduced denouncing the recent lynching in Georgia. The resolution precipitated one of the hottest debates ever known in the Presbytery, and the resolution finally adopted bore scarcely any resemblance to the original. The original resolution was presented by the Reverend George N. Johnston, D. D., and read:

In view of the deplorable frequency of the lynching of negroes in the southern portion of our country, so as to cause all right-thinking people to tremble in view of the possible future to which such a course must inevitably lead, therefore, the Presbytery of Pittsburg feels called upon at this time to utter its most solemn protest against the inhuman course of dealing with supposed criminals and of expressing its deep abhorrence of the condition of society that permits, and, above all, approves of such savagery, believing as we do that mob law is only savage violence, and has no tendency to deter criminals. Besides, from the commission of crime the certain result must be to brutalize the perpetrators, and plunge the land into a most fearful race war. We hereby express, also, our sympathy with all those in the South who are working to abolish mob violence.

The Reverend Allan Douglas Carlile said: "As one of the barbarians, I want to oppose the whole resolution with my whole heart. I regard it as a piece of cheap buncombe, which will do no good whatever, and will only make feeling in the South rankle toward the North. The resolution is unjustly sectional, as many parts of the North are just as guilty. Again, I would not vote against an action which, under similar circumstances, I would do myself. If my wife were assaulted and murder committed, as in the Georgia case, I would cheerfully pull the rope."

He further said some laws are written in the heart, and he repeated that he would have taken a hand with the mob, under the circumstances, in getting away with the wretch who committed the crime down in Georgia.

The Reverend Doctor R. Holmes said he was the son of a man who kept an underground railroad station, was an abolitionist, had been brought up to believe "a man could not be a Democrat and go to heaven," but he had changed his mind as he grew older. He was opposed to such action as that proposed, as the Presbytery did not know the facts in the case, and in all respects it was out of place.

The Reverend George W. Montgomery's substitute was adopted, after a motion to table the whole business had been voted down. Mr. Montgomery's resolution as adopted, is follows:

Resolved: That this Presbytery looks with horror upon the seeming growth of the mob spirit as recently exemplified in different parts of the country.

Resolved, That this Presbytery extends its heartfelt sympathy for all those who are striving so nobly to build up a higher appreciation of the dignity of the law.

The action of the Presbytery was discussed among the members after adjournment, and was generally regarded as meaningless.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Complying with his Request.

"Bury me," pleaded the dying sailor, "on American soil."

"All right," said the ship's commander. "There's an island in the offing. We'll just bear down and expand a little more.—The North American.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly: "How much are you going to give to the missionary cause this year, Brother Means?"

Brother Means: "My missionary contribution this year, Doctor, will be limited to what I have to pay the Government in the shape of war tax.—Chicago Tribune.